

Ann Landers Says

Such In-Laws Do Not Sound Normal to Ann



Dear Ann Landers: My wife and I have been married two years. Our little girl is one year old. She walks already, says a few words and is a darling child.

My wife's parents are fine, intelligent people in their early fifties. When we invite them to our home they are cordial but we've never been invited to their home for a meal.

Not once have they picked up our child or played with her. They show no interest in their other three grandchildren either. Last week I was so hurt by their actions I asked my mother-in-law for an explanation. She said, "We raised our children, educated them and now we are through. We want nothing to do with baby sitting or diapers. We have earned peace and quiet and we want to spend our leisure time with our friends."

Is something wrong with them, or is it us?—BWD

Dear BWD: Did you ask your mother-in-law to do diapers or sit with your child. If you did and she refused I would not criticize her.

But in-laws who have never picked up a grand-

child do not sound normal to me. Such a lack of warmth is beyond belief. These people are to be pitied because they are missing life's sweetest rewards.

Dear Ann Landers: When are homemakers going to assert themselves and receive the credit they deserve?

If I tell my husband at dinner that I have had a hard day he says, "Doing what? I wish I could stay home and loaf around like you do."

One evening I said something about "our money" and he yelled, "What do you mean OUR money? When did you last earn a dime?"

If it weren't for the children I'd chuck it all and go back to work so I could have a few dollars to call my own. My husband makes me feel like a beggar. Whenever he hands me a few dollars he makes such a big deal out of it you'd think I was a charity case.

Several months ago a friend of mine had a nervous breakdown. My husband said, "What did SHE have to worry about? She had a beautiful home, a nice husband, three swell kids and no job!"

Say something, will you? I'm—PROTHING

Calas Named to New Year Term

The reappointment of John D. Calas, 21720 Avalon Blvd., to a new one-year term on the Los Angeles County Library Advisory Council has been announced by Supervisor Kenneth Hahn.

Functions of the Library Advisory Council include making recommendations to the Board of Supervisors to encourage public interest and participation and to improve library services.

Dear Frothing: The housewife is either the best-paid or the worst-paid woman in the world, depending on the man she's married to.

If her husband is an ignorant, insensitive slob (like yours) she is the worst-paid. If her husband is a thoughtful, understanding guy (like mine) she's the best-paid.

Dear Ann Landers: Regarding the vexed veterinarian who criticized you for calling him a "vet."

When my wife and I lived

in London, we always took our dog to a You-Know-What in Kensington. It was an embarrassingly posh establishment. The waiting room was filled with chauffeurs and pedigreed poodles. Among the patients were the King's (now Duke of Windsor) Corgis. We paid our bill in guineas (and that's real money). No one ever thought of calling the man anything but vet and he didn't mind at all.

Here in Connecticut, however, the man who takes care of our hound looked down his nose when I called him by the popular abbreviation. He hastened to tell me he is not a vet, but a doctor—and would I please call him "Doctor?" I responded, "I presume your fees are tax deductible, Doctor?" He had to admit they were not, but now I call him doctor just the same.—HARTFORD, CONN.

Dear Heart: Here's your letter and the subject is closed. After I printed the last beef I received a deluge of mail from ex-serve-

men who wanted to know what was wrong with the word vet. I pass, Brother.

Parents are people—they can be right and they can be wrong. To help understand their viewpoint and to promote harmony at home, write for ANN LANDERS' booklet, "How To Live With Your Parents," enclosing with your request 30 cents in coin and a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of this newspaper enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. © 1965, Publishers Newspaper Co. Syndicate.

Menorah Slates Guest Speaker

Guest speaker at Temple Menorah will be the Rev. Wendell L. Miller, minister of the Manhattan Beach Community Church. Dr. Miller will speak Friday at 8:30 p.m.

A Penny for your Thoughts

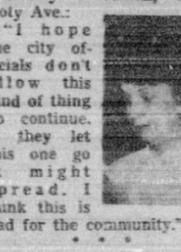
By HAL FISHER
Last Thursday night a bar, which features waitresses wearing outfits with a noticeable lack of material, opened in Torrance. Public reaction was not long in being expressed. Within an hour after opening the new bar was packed with thirsty patrons and observers of the social scene, including members of the local constabulary and some disapproving citizens. The Pennies photographer asked several people the next day, "What do you think of this type of business venture?"

Heleen Bruner, 17905 Flordwood Ave.:



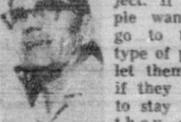
"If those girls catch pneumonia, they deserve it. It might be all right in a private club, but not in one that serves the public. This attracts the wrong kind of people."

Shirley Trevathan, 17915 Doly Ave.:



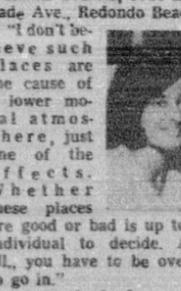
"I hope the city officials don't allow this kind of thing to continue. If they let this one go it might spread. I think this is bad for the community."

F. J. Siana, 1000 Carson St.:



"I'm neutral on the subject. If people want to go to this type of place let them go if they want to stay away they can. These places may not be popular after the novelty wears off."

Karen Conlter, 1714 Esplanade Ave., Redondo Beach:



"I don't believe such places are the cause of a lower moral atmosphere, just one of the effects. Whether these places are good or bad is up to the individual to decide. After all, you have to be over 21 to go in."

Ted Potter, 2617 Matthew St., Redondo Beach:



"Nobody is forcing those who disapprove to patronize these establishments. If one doesn't approve he expresses this by staying away. At any rate, very few women look attractive in topless apparel."

HERB CAEN IN MEXICO

Organ Wheezes A Tune; And It He Doesn't Like

MEXICO CITY — Every time I start to write a column late in the afternoon, an am-

able Indian gentleman stations himself under my window and begins cranking a street organ that wheezes only one tune, "Beer Barrel Polka," not one of my all-time favorites. I showered him with centavos and gestured violently for him to take his sinfonietta elsewhere, but my largesse only whetted his appetite. Every day since, he has shown up earlier to receive his coins and epithets, and I think I'll have to start dropping bags of water on him. This morning we were awakened to the strains of "Beer Barrel Polka."

PESO NOTES: What Cortez failed to record, for the good reasons that they weren't there, is the number of shoe-

shine boys on the streets. Hundreds, and all of them busy, for it is a dusty city. As you approach, they call out to you, "Joven!" — an irresistible pitch. "Joven" means "young man" ... Mexico City's night clubs, once famously lavish, are closing, one upon the other. Five folded in the last year, three more are about to. The owners complain they can't stay open late enough to make money.

On the other hand, the "High Life" is doing very well. It is a thriving chain of department stores, despite that flip, un-Latina name.

ITEM ON THE Continental Hilton menu: "Washington Toast" — a slice of "fresh toast" spread with blue cheese and topped by a pear covered with Hollandaise sauce. I yield to no man in my admiration for the Father of Our Country, but mother spare me this ... Old Spanish proverb: "Living well is the best revenge," and when you wander through the ancient section of San Angel, where the viceroys and grandees made their homes after the Conquest, you can see that they lived very well indeed. Marvelous houses, surrounded by lush gardens behind high walls—still the most sought-after places in the city.

The fantastic decorations inside Mexico City taxicabs: fringed curtains on the windshield, religious paintings on the windows, the Virgin of Guadalupe on the dashboard, an array of birds, kewpie dolls, tin Aztec masks dangling from the ceiling, girls' names painted on the back.

Baron Alfred de Cabrol is now one of Mexico City's social leaders. At his parties, the likely likes of Baron Guy de Rothschilds, Princesses and Condessas, movie producers, Cantinflas, Merle Oberon—she more beautiful than ever ... Item of small talk: Dictator Porfirio Diaz may be reconstituted, and his bones brought back from Paris. Item to avoid on restaurant menus: avocado stuffed with baby eels. Item suggested hotly by a University of Mexico history professor: "Why do you Americans think of Mexico as a land of violence? We have had only three Presidents assassinated

MEXICO WEARS many skins, but only three faces—the pre-Columbian, the Spanish Colonial, and the modern. No matter where you look they are superimposed, one upon the other, in a fateful juxtaposition that covers 2000 years in the twinkling of an eye. It could be summed up in one photograph showing a cathedral perched atop a pyramid, with a glass skyscraper in the background. The picture is all-pervasive: it haunts you even as you sip a dry martini in the skyroom of the Continental Hilton, with an excellent band playing "The Girl from Ipanema." You look up and find your waiter has the impassive face of a Toltec warrior, and you are caught again in the web of the past.

A SALUBRIOUS morning. For once the smog is gone, and the Valley of Mexico shines under a fragile bowl of blue. In the distance a cone-shaped white cloud that turns out to be—at last!—Popocatepetl, 17,000-plus feet of volcano, looking delicate, feminine, almost Japanese. A good day to examine the three faces of Mexico.

MEXICO CITY, where seldom is heard a discouraging word from the natives—in English, at any rate, generous, outgoing people, ready to give you the shirt off their back, or somebody else's, it really doesn't matter, their charm covers everything (and their children are beautiful and polite). Through their quiet ranks shamble the tourists, most of them wearing cards on their lapels in case they forget their own names. They sit around the hotel lobbies and complain steadily about two things: the water, which they never drink, and the altitude, which nobody can do anything about, either.

MEXICO CITY, a description: "The city has many open squares in which markets are

continuously held. There are barbershops where you may have your hair washed and cut. There are other shops where you may obtain food and drink. There are street porters to carry packages. There is a great quantity of wood, charcoal, braziers made of clay, mats of all sorts, some for beds and others more finely woven for seats, still others for furnishing halls and private apartments. All kinds of vegetables, in particular onions, leeks, garlic, cresses, borage, sorrel, artichokes and golden thistles. Cherries and plums honey from bees ... A great deal of chinaware and earthenware, all made of a very special clay and almost all decorated and painted in some way. Maize is sold both as grain and in the form of bread ... Eggs from fowl, geese and all others may be had, and likewise omelets ready-made."

The above, recorded by Sybille Bedford in her fine book, "The Sudden View," was written by Hernan Cortes to Emperor Charles V of Spain in 1520, after he first entered the Aztec capital as a guest of Montezuma's. The description is as accurate today.

Street Widening Project Slated

Improvements on Wilmington Avenue north of Del Amo Boulevard are scheduled to begin this week, Burton W. Guice, chairman of the Board of Supervisors, reports.

Work involves widening of the street to join newly installed curbs and gutters. The curbs were installed by the developer of an adjacent tract.

RECITAL POSTPONED

The June Lusk Nelson piano recital scheduled this month at El Camino College has been postponed to March 26, at 8:30 p.m., in the Campana Theater.



MELVIN B. YATES Joins Gas Company

Yates Gets Post With Utility Co.

Melvin B. Yates of 4433 Newton St. has joined the engineering sales staff of the Southern Counties Gas Co., Yates will work out of the firm's Los Angeles office.

Yates, a native of Billings, Mont., who was graduated from Montana State College with a degree in industrial engineering, has had engineering experience in a variety of positions in Montana and California. In most of these he designed as well as supervised the operation and maintenance of complex engineering systems involving air conditioning and onsite generation of power.

In his new job he will supervise the installation and initial operation phases of engineered energy systems for the gas utility and its customers.

A veteran of World War II, during which he served in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers in Europe, Yates is active in youth activities such as the YMCA and Little League baseball. He and his wife, Patricia, have five sons.

NOTED IN TORRANCE

Notifiable diseases reported to the Los Angeles County Health Department for the Torrance area during the week ending Feb. 6 included one case of epilepsy, two cases of gonorrhea, and one case of syphilis.

Press-Herald Sunday Crossword

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down words.

Large crossword puzzle grid with numbers indicating starting positions for clues.

Two Eyes, Two Ears, And a Nose

Math has become something to sing about in a first-second grade combination class at Arlington School.

Literally, that is. Guitar-playing Mrs. Nina Grant has discovered her six- and seven-year old students really take to modern math when they've learned about sets by singing.

Crooning a tune about "two eyes, two ears, and one nose" gives the singing set a desire to learn more about numerical sets, according to Mrs. Grant.

When they are not mastering math via musical motivation, students in the combination class are acquiring arithmetic know-how by gaining familiarity with new as well as time-worn terminology, she added.

COUNT MARCO SAYS

You Can Help Him Avoid Ulcers

Fewer European men have ulcers than American men — undoubtedly because wives in Europe are more concerned about their husband's health and happiness than in your country.

If you have a husband who has worked himself into such a nervous state for you that he has developed an ulcer, there are things you can do for him. Remember, anything you do for your man helps you too.

Relieving his ulcer relieves his pain. This puts him in a nicer frame of mind to do the things you want him to do without his knowing he is doing them.

The first cause of ulcers is tension. Give your man mental and physical rest. Don't let him worry about his home and his job. Take more responsibilities on yourself. If there is a lawn to be mowed, mow it. It's good for your figure, and it gives him

weekends. When the car needs washing, wash it. After all, you probably drive it.

It is a medical theory that acid kept busy digesting food won't have a chance to work on the stomach wall. Feed your husband often. Give him frequent meals, including a bedtime snack (preferably in bed) to break into the long period between supper and breakfast when the stomach is empty.

To prevent ulcers, don't rush him through his meals. Make him chew his food thoroughly because this makes for smoother digestion. Also keep your mouth shut if you can't do anything but complain during meals. Develop a musical voice to soothe his jangled nerves.

Many experts believe liquor and tobacco stimulate excessive

flow of acid into the stomach. Cut down on his smoking and drinking (poor man, but advise him it's only for his own good). However, if you are cutting down on his, give up yours altogether. He will be much happier knowing you are sacrificing for him.

Teach him to avoid unnecessary tension by relaxing. But don't let yourself get carried away and confuse hard work around the house with tension; sometimes working extra hard to get a job out of the way will reduce tension rather than create it.

And give him a hobby, preferably one he'd love, sort of like yourself. Keeping you happy should be his major hobby. Teach him. A happy couple never has ulcers. the peaceful rest he needs on